

The Camden Daily Journal.

VOL. 1

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By D. D. HOCOTT.

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The Riddle of Life.

How true is that old fable of the sphinx, who sat by the wayside propounding her riddle to the passenger, which, if they could not answer, she destroyed them! Such a sphinx is this life of ours, to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness.—There is in her a celestial beauty, which means celestial order; pliancy to wisdom; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, a fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned; one still half imprisoned—the inarticulate, lovely still encased in the articulate chaotic. How true! And does she not propound her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with terrible significance, "Knowest thou the meaning of this day! What thou canst do to-day, wisely attempt to do." Nature, universe, destiny, existence, however we name this grand unnameable fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle; it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not; it will answer itself, the solution of it is a thing of teeth and claws. Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring.

Novel Plan of Courtship.

If marriage is a lottery, prizes are apt to be drawn in the following method as any other:

At a wedding, recently celebrated, were present some twenty five young persons, all of them in a condition which, for various reasons, they generally concurred in regarding as undesirable—the "unengaged." One of the gentlemen of the party suspected the prevalence among them of feelings that might easily be exchanged for other infinitely more fixed and agreeable. He accordingly proposed the choosing of a president, a person worthy of all confidence, whose duty it should be to receive from each individual a folded paper, inscribed with the name of the person handing it in, and also with the name of another person of the other sex, whom the first would be willing to marry. The president, in addition to the restraints of his own sense of honor, was to be put under a solemn pledge of eternal secrecy. All refusing to accede to the proposition were for the

time to leave the room. Those whose choice was reciprocal that is, whose papers contained the same two names were to be privately informed, while the selections of the others were to remain undisclosed. The result was, that the trial was made, all shared in the experiment, and eleven couples were found to have made themselves happy; and their several unions were afterwards consummated.

An Incident of the City Colored Mission—Charleston, S. C.

While seated in the Parsonage on a cold day of the winter just past, there was a knock at the door. Upon opening it I recognized one of the old, wealthy and most respectable citizens of Charleston. He said he had called to get me to conduct the funeral services, of his servant Charlotte. Said he, while a tear gathered in his eye: "She was the daughter of my old man, a confidant and playmate. She has been a devoted servant, a consistent member of your church and I desire that all proper respect should be paid to her memory." The residence lay in that part of the city now under ban from Yankee shells. The entire family, white and black, had fled the city. The master had been detained on business and this faithful servant had remained to serve him. Her class leader, with three or four colored persons from the deserted neighborhood, were present. We gathered around the coffin, and before beginning to read the ritual for the burial of the dead, her master recounted many interesting particulars, relating to her faithfulness as a servant, her consistency as a christian, and her triumph in death, and then the usual services were conducted. Her children and other relatives being away, and her class leader the driver of the hearse, I looked to see who should form the escort to her bier. As the hearse passed into the street there was but one mourner following. It was her master. In his suit of black, with bowed head, on this bleak winter's day, he was following to the far best outskirts of the city the remains of his faithful servant Charlotte. It was touching to behold. I stood and watched the little procession until it passed out of sight.

In spite of all the dangers surrounding her home from those who profess pity for her condition, she had clung to her master, and now, while Yankee shells screamed death warnings overhead to her master, he—bowed and venerable with years—stood by her dust. What a commentary upon what is passing in the world relative to these Southern slaveholders. Who but they will appreciate what I have above described? F. A. M.

CASE OF MRS. PATTERSON ALLEN.—A Richmond correspondent of the Augusta Constitutionalist writes to that journal that in the course of a few days the final trial of Mrs. Patterson Allen comes on. In reference to this famous case, which has so long and so singularly hung fire, there are not a few wonderful stories afloat. Thus it is said the Government has no shadow of a case, and heartily repents having ever arrested Mrs. A. Then, again, it is reported that an offer was made to the accused of a passport to go North, which she refused, saying she had no intention of quitting her home. Also, that on this refusal, it was hinted a *not pros.* stantly refused, the ground being taken that the Government had arrested her as a traitress, and had so far sullied her good name, and that she demanded a full and fair trial, and spurned every equivocal that, while sparing the tender feeling of officials, would only restore her to liberty with a cloud upon her reputation.—How far this gossip may be true, it is hard to say, but the trial comes on and the Government has a flimsy case at the best.

When the army of Gen. Lee filed through the streets of Petersburg, much to the relief of the beleaguered and hard pressed city, the merchants opened their stores and supplied all who desired it with tobacco; and the ladies had large quantities of delicious ice water prepared, and with their own fair hands presented it to the thirsty soldiers. Acts of kindness like this are gratefully remembered by the recipients.

TALL MARCHING.—The prisoners captured by Mosby on the Monocacy were trotted by that "fleet footed rebel" as the Yankees call him, 120 miles in three days—40 miles a day. This was pretty good speed for Shank's mare.

CAMDEN DAILY JOURNAL.

MONDAY MORNING, JULY 25.

During the late raids into Maryland some twenty canal boats were destroyed near Harpers Ferry.

A WOUNDED FEMALE SOLDIER.—The *Chronicle & Sentinel* says: A woman claiming to belong to the 6th Louisiana regiment, arrived yesterday from Virginia, with her husband, whose fortunes she has followed in the same regiment for three years. She was wounded in the foot at the battle of Gettysburg. He was on sick furlough.

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. JOHNSTON.—All our exchanges concur in lamenting, and not a few indignantly condemn the action of President DAVIS in relieving Gen. JOHNSTON of the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee. PER-ORNE the Editorial correspondent of the *Columbia Carolinian*, thus comments on it:

An event which marks an epoch in the history of this army occurred last night—an event, too, which has stirred its great heart, as it has not before been agitated during the war. Gen. JOHNSTON has been relieved from command, and Lieut. Gen. HOOD, with the rank of full General, appointed by the President as his successor. The announcement was received by Gen. HOOD about midnight, in a despatch from the Secretary of War; but so sudden and unexpected was the summons, that it was not until the arrival of a second telegram that he realized of a new responsibility but still fully upon his startled senses. The shock upon the nerves of the army this morning has not been less severe and the strange tidings may be plainly read in every face and every group gathered to discuss the news.

The action of the President, not in appointing Hood, who is universally beloved, but in relieving JOHNSTON when near the climax of his campaign, has, to use a mild term, introduced dissatisfaction. A Southern army is a huge ganglionic nerve, through the fibres of which is continually flowing as much intelligence and individuality as can be found in any mass of the community. The troops are accustomed to measure causes and events for themselves, and to apply a judgment to men and acts, which, if not infallible, is at least generally correct. In the present instance, they have followed their commander-in-chief from Dalton to the banks of the Chattahoochee, have criticised his every movement, fully understood, appreciated and endorsed his policy, and in return yielded to him that unlimited confidence which is the noblest tie that can exist between an officer and his subordinates. Still undemoralized by their retreat, still undismayed by the difficulties which enlivened them, still strong in their sense of power, no word of censure against their chief had ever escaped their lips, and no belief prevailed that because he had so well performed his duty, the President would seek to remove him from the field.

Imagine, then, the surprise, and not unfounded discontent, with which the change is regarded and the unenviable position occupied by the President in standing between the army and the object of its highest regard. There are few who are sufficiently familiar with the unfortunate relations existing between Mr. DAVIS and Gen. JOHNSTON, to have anticipated the event, and foreseen that the latter was to be sacrificed upon the altar of public opinion, to which so many of our Generals have been without due cause assigned. Happily the public confidence in that officer has not been exhausted, and he leaves this army followed by the honest regrets of both people and troops. If he has not been aggressive, he is able to show wit, by stubborn facts, which his men understand and will enough, and which in due course of time will be made broadly apparent. If his plan of campaign has failed, it is because his appeals to the General Government to co-operate with him in striking the enemy's rear have been unheeded, and if he is to be finally laid upon the shelf, his proudest epitaph will be—"he saved the army of Tennessee from annihilation."

Arrivals at the Soldier's Rest

ON SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 23.

The following is a list of sick and wounded soldiers stopping at the Soldiers Rest, in Camden. It is our intention hereafter to give the names of all arrivals at the Rest, with the Regiment and Company of which they are members, whether sick or wounded, and the district to which they belong:

J. Mooneyham—20th S. C. R.—wounded—from Sumter.

W. W. Folsom—7th S. C. Battalion—sick—from Kershaw.

—Martin from Lancaster; and C. H. Horton from Kershaw, both sick—regiment to which they belong unknown.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

FROM THE GEORGIA FRONT

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, Atlanta, July 24, 1864.

To the Secretary of War:

The enemy shifted his position fronting Peach Tree Creek last night, and Stewarts and Cleathams corps formed a line of battle around the city. Hardee made a night march and attacked the enemy's extreme left to-day about 1 o'clock, and drove him from his works, capturing sixteen pieces of artillery during the engagement. We captured 2000 prisoners.

Wheeler's cavalry routed the enemy at Decatur, capturing his camps. Our loss not yet fully ascertained. Maj. General W. H. Walker was killed, and Brigadier-Generals Smith and Moyer wounded. Prisoners report General McPherson killed. Our troops fought with great gallantry.

J. B. Hood,

General Commanding.

FROM CO. UMBUS.

The Macon Telegraph of July 21, copies the following from letters and despatches received in that city:

COLUMBUS, July 19, 1864.

It is impossible, to give you anything like authentic information as to the extent of the raid on the M. & W. F. railroad. It is variously estimated from 8000 to 10,000. There is no mistake about the railroad being torn up for several miles, both above and below Auburn. Last night, they were reported within ten miles of Opelika eating their supper. Our people run an engine down near Auburn, yesterday, to reconnoitre, and when they started back, she ran off the track, and the Yankees captured her. I have no doubt but what Opelika has "gone up the spout." We cannot hear from there to-day—everything is excitement.

The Commandant of the Post and Enrolling office, required me to stay with all my men and horses, subject to his orders. We were up nearly all night, carrying rations to the different commands near the city, and to-day we are doing the same business. All business is suspended and everybody in the ranks almost. I do not think there is any fear of this raid upon this place at present. We have now fully 2,800 to 3,000 men under arms, and a good portion of this number are the old issue of soldiers, with no 33 1-3 on.

* * * The latest from the enemy, is that they were four miles this side of Auburn.

* * * The enemy were reported at noon to-day, four miles this side of Opelika, destroying the Railroad. Opelika has been burnt to-day. I learn by reliable authority that the enemy is 4,000 strong with twelve pieces of artillery.

FROM FLORIDA.

A short time since some negro troops from Jacksonville committed depredations on the plantation of Mrs. Price near that place. She and her niece started to inform the commander of the post of the outrages. She was killed on the way by the negro soldiers. Her niece was carried off, and has not since been heard of.

The Yankees have about three hundred cavalry on the east side of the St. John's river. Fifty negroes commanded by a Yankee, made a raid into Levy county, a few days since.—They were driven back by our troops.

Pickles afford in the smallest bulk the largest amount of materials which is regarded by medical men as preventive of the diseases so peculiar to soldiers in large masses and deprived of vegetable diet.

In Exchange for Bacon, Corn or Fodder:

SUGAR BOILERS FROM 50 TO 100 GALLONS each. Apply to GEO. S. DOUGLAS.

July 25

To Hire,

A NEGRO WOMAN, WHO IS ACCUSTOMED to all kinds of house work. For further information, apply to Mrs. G. V. Anker, on Lytleton street, July 25